

FARM AND ORCHARD.

A TIMELY WARNING TO AMERICAN BREEDERS.

Chicks as Garden Assistants—The Care of Colts—Treatment of Celery—Notes, Etc.

Careless packing is always the source of more or less damage to shipments of goods and is often the cause of rendering them entirely valueless. Americans are too willing to see shipments go out of their hands in an indifferent manner, and trust to luck to see them safely through.

James R. Hosmer, Consul-General of the United States to Guatemala, in a report to the Department of State, says: "American merchants in Guatemala assert that they are compelled to purchase their wares in Europe because the goods sent from America are so carelessly packed as to be badly damaged in transit. American-made prints, agricultural implements and cutlery are preferred to those of other countries, and this has led dealers in Germany to imitate American trade marks and endeavor thereby to sell their wares as of American make." The foregoing, which applies to all articles of merchandise that may be damaged in transit, applies even greater force to shipments of live stock, and particularly poultry.

Our improved American breeds are finding favor everywhere because of their standard of excellence in all respects, goes to make a useful and beautiful fowl, and nowhere can they be purchased in their highest form of excellence but in the United States where they originated. We are of the opinion that our American breeders do not realize the immense importance of great care in keeping up the high standard of American breeds and improving them by careful breeding, and secondarily fostering and building up the trade with our friends in Australia, New Zealand, Japan and the islands of the Pacific by greater care in selection of fowls for export, and using only approved methods of shipment.

It has been intimated in some of our foreign exchanges that some fanciers in the Colonies had expressed a preference for English-bred American breeds simply because they arrived in better condition. There is no reason why this should be so.

Our steamship lines are as well prepared to carry fowls as the English, and have the advantage of two weeks' time in getting them to market for our breeders to observe two rules, viz: "Select good stock" and "ship in approved coops," to secure, almost without exception, the trade in American breeds, as well as the larger part of orders for other classes that can surely be bred here to as great perfection as anywhere in the world.—*California Cuckoo.*

CHICKS AS GARDEN ASSISTANTS.

When hoeing or raking in the garden I am constantly turning up numerous grubs, worms, bugs and beetles of various sizes, kinds and color, and if I stopped to slay each and every one of them I should make very little progress. If I passed them gently by they would continue to gnaw, uproot and destroy my favorite vegetables, wax fat and keep my wrath at a boiling-point.

How to compass their destruction expeditiously and cheaply was a problem I pondered much. But I have solved it at last, and now not a bug grub or worm that my hoe or rake uncover has time to be astonished, before presto! he finds himself amid the rocks and broken crockery in the interior of a healthy chick, where he is soon reduced to pulp.

I never want less than five fair-sized chicks nor more than a dozen small ones with me. If there are not enough they get full too quickly and retire. If there are too many they get in the way and some of them meet with accidental destruction. It is amusing in the extreme to see half a dozen or so of them dancing about on either side watching the progress of my implement, and when a choice morsel is exposed, pitching over each other in their eagerness to get it. Occasionally one becomes too fresh and gets knocked over, but they soon learn about how near it is safe to venture.

One lot I had in the early spring always followed along behind, but the little mob I have now keep constantly circling around me. All were hatched in an incubator and reared in a brooder, and are sold as soon as they weigh 2½ to 3 pounds. Those hatched by hen power must be taken from the hen as soon as hatched and reared in the garden—the harder it scratches the faster it walks.

Our experience with oyster shells is confined to California. The shells used for the poultry of San Jose and the surrounding valley are gathered by boatmen at the port of Alviso. At Alviso they are put into sacks holding about 80 pounds and sold to merchants wholesale, or by the truck to anyone in need of them. These shells are small and very tender, requiring no grinding or crushing to prepare them for the poultry. They cost retail 35 cents per sack, and are being used more extensively each year.—*California Cuckoo.*

TREATMENT OF CELERY.

Celery, whether self-blanching or otherwise, can be grown with much or little labor, but like other vegetables, the more care that is given the better will be the result. There is a certain crispness and delicacy of flavor which can only be imparted by banking generously with earth. Previous to banking, some attention is necessary. Last year I bought a few pounds of straw paper, cut the sheets into 10-inch strips, and wrapped each ear in a paper jacket, then packed them to the top of the paper. After a little practice this can be done as expeditiously as the ordinary tying up. This wrapping should be done when the plants are perhaps half foot high, keeping the loose ends of the paper in place with a handful of earth, thrown on with a garden trowel, until the row is finished. Care should always be taken in filling up to give a broad base to the hill, as the soil will need to be drawn up higher, later on, if the plants have grown far enough above the paper to make it necessary. Persons raising celery on a large scale, for ordinary market purposes, would hardly care to take this trouble, but if only a few hundred for family use are grown, this plan cannot be too highly recommended. There are two advantages gained by this process. (1) There are no crooked stalks, as is often the case when the plants are tied up; (2) it prevents earth-worms from nibbling the stalks, which they are sure to do in a wet season.

American Agriculturist.

THE CARE OF COLTS.

Many valuable colts, says the Chicago Horseman, are lost every year for the want of a little care. Hundreds die from lack of condition. As a rule, colts are fed liberally and kept growing constantly from birth there is not much danger to be feared from worms. Yet it is always best to be on the safe side and use all harmless means to prevent any form of sickness and suffering. See Kentucky breeders practice mixing a little pulverized copperas with salt and placing it in boxes where the colts can help themselves as they like. Two tablespoonsfuls of copperas to a pint of salt is sufficient. Horses suffering from worms can be cured in time by feeding a teaspoonful of copperas mixed with a teaspoonful of powdered gentian every night for two or three weeks. It

can be mixed with oats or turned down the throat from a bottle. Copperas and gentian is an excellent tonic. Breeders will do well to keep a small quantity on hand. Get the druggist to put up four ounces each, compounding it in his mortar so as to mix it thoroughly. Put the powder in a small box or wide-mouthed glass jar, label it, and when needed give to horses a tablespoonful or two at a time. A yearling will require about one-third as much as a grown animal, and weanlings a much smaller quantity.

A COMINATION SWINDLE.

The fruit-tree swindlers are again infesting the country, says the *Astorian*. The scheme now in hand is to furnish the farmer with so many dollars' worth of trees—say \$500—free of charge. The farmer is to plant and take proper care of these trees, and to deliver to the agent one-half their profits for ten or twelve years. But if the farm is sold during this time the trees are to be paid for at twice what was agreed upon; and as evidence of good faith the farmer gives his bond to such effect for the amount. So far there is no fraud, and in a short time a man comes who admires the farm and tries to buy it. The price is finally agreed upon and the farmer is to furnish a free title to the land. Of course the bond has been recorded, and to secure the sale, is promptly paid. And after the fruit-tree agent is dispensed with the farmer turns to his supposed purchaser—but alas! the bird has flown, and he goes home a sadder if not a wiser man.

BROILERS.

Now is the time to prepare for active operations if broilers are the object in view. Chicks hatched October 1st will be in prime order for market by January, and will continue to sell well until May, when the earlier hatched chicks from the ranches will be picked up and the prices begin to drop. With a properly equipped establishment eggs may be hatched and reared during the next six months successfully and at good profit. We know this to be a fact, for we have tried it, and if our duties would permit would try it again. We are now getting our incubator in order so as to be prepared for any scarcity of broiler birds during the winter. —*California Cuckoo.*

FARM NOTES.

The man who has all the money needs is the only one who can afford to take scrubs.

See that the hen is not setting in drafts, or she may be taken sick before the hatch is half done.

A fruit-raiser in Newark, N. J., sells his quinces at \$6 per 100. He prunes carefully and applies manure two inches deep in the fall, and spades the ground the next spring.

The guinea is a hardy, healthy, good layer, though not popular for the table. A flock of guineas are beautiful in appearance and add life and music to the farmstead.

Clover hay, cut up about an eighth of an inch, mixed with bran and scalmed, makes a capital breakfast for the fowls, and one that will tell wonderfully on the egg basket.

The Swiss Government distributes \$30,000 every year in prizes for bulls. The prize bulls are not allowed to be taken out of the country. The chief sources of farm profit in that country are from butter and cheese.

A small crack in the wall of the stable will do greater injury than to leave a window out. More harm results from a constant out of air coming on a portion of the body of an animal than when the animal is exposed entirely.

It should not be forgotten that sunflower seeds are of the best material for feeding to poultry. Let those who have sunflowers—and all farmers ought to have—observe how fond the sparrows are of these seeds. Why not dub the sunflower the national "posey?"

Salt is seldom given poultry, under the supposition that it injurious, which is true if the salt is given in large quantities; but recent experiments prove that salt is necessary to a limited extent, as hens will lay more eggs and remain in good condition by allowing salt than if withheld entirely.

The proper mode of giving salt to poultry is by seasoning the soft food allowed the hen.

An inventive genius in Rome, Ga., has constructed a little machine that he calls the "chicken walker." It proposes to do away with the fences around gardens and protect the gardens from damage by chickens. When the machinery is placed on a chicken's feet, and the fowl goes in the garden to make an effort to scratch the soil, instead of accomplishing its desire the attachment walks the chicken out of the garden—the harder it scratches the faster it walks.

Our experience with oyster shells is confined to California. The shells used for the poultry of San Jose and the surrounding valley are gathered by boatmen at the port of Alviso.

At Alviso they are put into sacks holding about 80 pounds and sold to merchants wholesale, or by the truck to anyone in need of them.

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W. T. BROWN & CO.,

In His Obstinacy He Pays \$1.75 Year for a 60 Cent Pattern.

I regard Mr. Bowser as one of the kindest and most loving husbands in the world, and if anyone has imbibed the idea from anything I have put forward, that he is eccentric, or given to oddities, such as riding a bicycle, etc., let me assure you that he is not.

Mr. Bowser's mouth gave a twitch at the left-hand corner, followed by a sudden contraction at the right, and he was a little hoarse as he observed:

"If these are only sixty cents, them moquettes can't be over forty."

"I can sell you moquettes as low as \$1.75, but you don't want 'em. You want one for about \$2.25."

There was a spasmodic movement through Mr. Bowser's entire system as he queried:

"What is velvet worth?"

"About \$2."

"And body Brussels?"

"From \$1 up."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose, "that tapestry is the cheapest of the lot?"

"Why, certainly."

"Cheaper than velvet or moquette?"

"Of course. Tapestry ranks only one grade above moquette."

"I don't believe it. You are certainly mistaken."

"But I can't be. Any carpet man in town will tell you the same. Even your wife must know that."

That finished Mr. Bowser. The last sentence also finished him. He knew he was beaten, but he was determined not to give in. He therefore swallowed the lump in his throat and said:

"I beg to still differ with you. You have got the case turned end for end, but I am too honorable to take advantage of you.

It is the tapestry which is worth one seventy-five instead of the moquettes.

Mr. Nansen's original destination was the settlement of Kristiansand, in Disco Bay. For twelve days the party pushed steadily in this direction. At first the weather was rather hard, but it became looser, and the pulling of the sledges was very hard work. A continuous snow-storm blew in their faces. Finding it would be impossible to reach Kristiansand in this way, they turned inland, near the Cape Dan (65° 30' north latitude). In their boats they tried to force a way through the ice to reach the land, but one of the boats was crushed, and while it was being mendied they were swept by a rapid current southward for twelve days along the coast. After many difficulties and dangers at last they reached the land at Antorlik (61° 30' north latitude) on the 29th of July. They had now to force their way northward along the coast to reach a more northerly latitude. At last, on the 15th of August, they disembarked, and without delay commenced their inland journey.

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At last, on the 24th, they reached the zone of land bare of ice on the west coast, and on the 25th descended to a ford called Ameralik. Here they constructed a boat out of the canvas floor of the tent, using whalebone and a bamboo staff as ribs. In this small boat two of the party paddled fifty miles to the nearest Danish settlement, Godthaab, arriving on the 3d of October, and immediately sending two boats to bring on the four men left behind. The scientific results of the expedition had not yet been fully worked out; the observations made related to questions of a geographical, geological and meteorological nature. There was, however, some few important points which might be mentioned. The expedition, Dr. Nansen believed, had proved the whole of the interior of Greenland to be covered by an immense shell-shaped cap of ice and snow, which in some places must have a thickness of at least 5,000 of 6,000 feet. The investigation of this immense ice and snow field world, no doubt, yields results of the greatest importance to the study of glacial theories. Another point of great interest was the very low temperature found in the interior—a fact which did not seem to agree with the received meteorological laws. Dr. Nansen thought that the low temperature might throw good deal of light on the much-disputed question—the cause of the great cold of the glacial period in Europe and North America, which at that time were covered with an ice sheet similar to that now seen in Greenland. He thought that the best way of solving the problems of the great ice age was to go and examine the places where similar features were now found, and no better place for this could be found than Greenland. But Greenland was a vast region; his expedition was the first to cross it, but he hoped it would not be the last. He considered Greenland had the characteristics of Scotland and Scandinavia.

"When did you ever take any notice of the weather?" he asked, as he looked up in surprise.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe there is any man on earth who can tell a storm is coming."

"Mr. Bowser, it will rain to-night."

"That's a fair illustration of my argument. The stars are out and the sky is as clear as a bell."

"But it will rain," I persisted. "You can feel it in the wind."

"Feel it in the ash-barrel, you mean! I doubt if it rains for a week."

"It will rain to-night."

"What! Do you still stick to that?"

"I do."

"Well, you are a gosling! I say it won't rain. What I say you can depend on. If it rains to-night I'll buy ten silk dresses to-morrow."

The pattern of the iron road was about the same.

"I don't believe it!"

"I say it isn't. Some boy is throwing gravel on the tin."

I got out of bed and opened the window, and the rain was coming down with a steady pour.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bowser?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. That is, I don't hear any rain, while I twig the little put-up job. You've got the cook up in the third-story window pouring water down."

My own family medicine—Simmons Liver Regulator.—Rev. James M. Rollins, Fairfield, Va.

THE CARE OF COLTS.

Many valuable colts, says the Chicago Horseman, are lost every year for the want of a little care. Hundreds die from lack of condition. As a rule, colts are fed liberally and kept growing constantly from birth there is not much danger to be feared from worms. Yet it is always best to be on the safe side and use all harmless means to prevent any form of sickness and suffering. See Kentucky breeders practice mixing a little pulverized copperas with salt and placing it in boxes where the colts can help themselves as they like. Two tablespoonsfuls of copperas to a pint of salt is sufficient. Horses suffering from worms can be cured in time by feeding a teaspoonful of copperas mixed with a teaspoonful of powdered gentian every night for two or three weeks. It

"No, ma'am, it hasn't," he replied, as he drew in his head.

"Isn't the earth all wet, and don't you see water in the gutters?"

"That's dew. It always falls that way at this time of year."

"Mr. Bowser, do you mean to tell me it hasn't rained?"

"I do. I said it wouldn't, and it hasn't. One of the first steamers may have been up putting out a cistern, but it hasn't rained."

"And to day this sticks to it, although I proved my case by every neighbor and the signal office."

We waited a carpet for one of the bedrooms and I mentioned that I thought we had better get a velvet.

"What's the matter with tapestry?" he queried.

"It's too common, and there's no wear to it."

"You talk as if you knew all about carpets. When did tapestry become common?"

"It always has been common. It's only one grade above ingrain."

"Oh, it isn't! Well, I take great pleasure in informing you that you're way off. What you don't know about carpets would fill a book."

"I know you all about 'em?"

"Certainly. Every intelligent man does, especially if he is married. Tapestry, as you ought to have known for the last twenty-five years, ranks next to Axminster."

DAILY RECORD-UNION

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FEARS CONCERNING THE CONGRESS OF

THE AMERICAS.

We print in another column an article from a Madrid paper by Count de Coello, a distinguished publicist of Spain, and a writer on international subjects, who has been, and possibly still is, the representative of Spain at the Court of Italy. The article is a correct translation made especially for the RECORD-UNION by S. H. Gerrish of this city. We are impelled to the publication of the paper by the fact that the position taken by the writer antagonistic to the Pan-American Congress, tends to confirm the wisdom that conceived the idea of the convocation, and the policy of the United States in promoting it. We have heretofore said that the stimulation of trade between the United States and the South American States was, while by no means the first, still is one of the purposes of the Congress. The chief end of that confraternal feeling that will cement the American States indissolubly in peaceful relations towards each other, that none of their native energy may be expended in maintaining those warlike attitudes that narrow statesmanship assumes to be the need of a nation in order to command respect for its flag. The bill convening the Congress sets forth, it is true, that the promotion of commerce is one of the purposes of the meeting, but it is placed last among considerations.

Upon this point Count de Coello hings his paper, which elsewhere appears, and to which we invite attention. He points out that the purpose of the United States is the absorption of the commerce of the South American States; that without counting Brazil, the exterior commerce of those States amounts to more than \$650,000,000, of which Spain has only \$12,000,000. Originally Spain felt her commerce checked by the wars that led to the emancipation of the South American States; when just recovering from that "moral blockade" it was again set back by the struggle between the Pacific States of South America. That is now over, and Spain is again endeavoring to re-establish commercial relations with those States upon a scale of grandeur. But outside of commercial reasons, he holds that Spain should make a bitter contest for the trade of the South American continent and Mexico, because their people are of the Spanish race; they are common in religion; their genius led to the discovery of the new world; their great Captains accomplished its conquest. He holds that Europe cannot afford to abdicate as to the South American continent, in favor of the United States. But if the movement signified by the convening of the Pan-American Congress is not counteracted at once, he believes that at least the influence of Spain in South America will have vanished by the opening of the twentieth century. The situation in this hemisphere, he points out, is strangely different from that on the European side. There, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, contend for preponderance in the political field; here there are near to the United States, which duplicates its population every quarter of a century, only States of relatively small population, and they are kept apart by strife; President Harrison has adopted the Monroe idea, and talks of "America for Americans;" while the American Congress has appropriated a large sum of money for the purpose of paying the expenses of the Convention of the States of the three Americas. The scheme is, according to the Count, to establish a single customs zone; to secure greater and more rapid systems of transportation between the Northern and Southern Continents; to establish monetary and "administrative" unity; to set up tribunals of arbitration, and to agree upon such relations as will prevent war, and thus render the extension of a protectorate over South America by the United States an early probability, to say nothing of the absorption of Mexico by the great Republic.

So runs on the paper, only a few features of which we have briefly presented. It does not deny the right of the United States to do all these things and to absorb the whole of both continents if it can, but the Count appeals to the press of South America and of Mexico, to lift its voice in protest against the scheme. For, he declares, if these Spanish-speaking nations sacrifice their commercial autonomy, they must stand prepared to surrender their political independence also. There is a plaintive appeal to the United States not to push its conquest in the served out of mutual terror—if tranquillity

Americas to the exclusion of Spain, which, by blood, tongue, language and customs, is so closely linked to the South American nations. He entertains the hope that the nations of Europe will engage in such a combination of interest and effort as will offset the schemes of the United States, and prevent the exclusion of the former from the commerce of the South American continent.

The Count borrows his fears from his nerves. The United States has no schemes of conquest in view. As the essayist shows, it has but an insignificant share of the trade of South American States. The most of the commerce of that continent is with Germany, England and France. But while we are endeavoring to broaden the area of our trade, and certainly will avail of all legitimate means to do so, we do not forget that trade is not sentimental, and that whatever the political complexion here or in South American States, they will buy where they can purchase at the lowest figure and to the best advantage, and will sell where they can get the most and the quickest return. If we make any commercial conquest in South America or Mexico, it will be simply for the reason that we are able to outbid our business rivals.

All such ideas, however, are secondary to and insignificant beside the great and foremost purpose of the Pan-American Congress, which is the establishment of such conditions as will insure not only the political independence of each nation, but will attain that end through the means that do not employ arms, and that do not necessitate the exhaustion of the industries of the nations by the maintenance of armies of non-producers. If in the establishment of such relations of confidence and tranquillity between the States of the three Americas as will make war all but impossible and a state of armed peace dishonorable, there is a menace to Europe, then the intention to make it is confessed. But when the Spanish publicist attempts to awaken the fears of monarchies by shaking the bones of a skeleton of Italy, the article is a correct translation made especially for the RECORD-UNION by S. H. Gerrish of this city. We are impelled to the publication of the paper by the fact that the position taken by the writer antagonistic to the Pan-American Congress, tends to confirm the wisdom that conceived the idea of the convocation, and the policy of the United States in promoting it. We have heretofore said that the stimulation of trade between the United States and the South American States was, while by no means the first, still is one of the purposes of the Congress. The chief end of that confraternal feeling that will cement the American States indissolubly in peaceful relations towards each other, that none of their native energy may be expended in maintaining those warlike attitudes that narrow statesmanship assumes to be the need of a nation in order to command respect for its flag. The bill convening the Congress sets forth, it is true, that the promotion of commerce is one of the purposes of the meeting, but it is placed last among considerations.

"WHERE ARE YOUR SOLDIERS?"

The German Emperor, a young and inexperienced man, who knows more about swords and bayonets than it is possible for him to learn of statesmanship, in his latest speech to his parliament devotes himself to the subject of the strengthening of the army, and the introduction of changes in the service that will augment the efficiency of the military arm of the Empire and thus conserve the ends of peace, "with God's help." And this is the reason the Emperor gives as an excuse for the increased total of the budget by some 300,000 marks for the new year—that is to say, for the greater demands to be made upon the industries of the country for money with which to maintain in idleness a vast army of soldiers. Only a few days before this speech was delivered, the Emperor and the Czar of all the Russias met on German territory, fell upon each other's necks and embraced as brothers may do. Then followed brilliant army and naval displays on the part of Germany that must have impressed the Czar deeply with the strength of his host, and have set him to industrious thought concerning the cost of life and treasure to his country should Russia and Germany come to blows.

About the same time, on this side of the Atlantic, the representatives of eighteen American nations were being entertained at Holyoke, Mass., after having visited seven of the States of the American Union, and receiving welcome from some twenty-five millions of people. At the town named one of the most thoughtful of the delegates turned to his escort and asked: "But where are your soldiers?" The delegate received for reply: "These are our soldiers—the people; this is the reserve force of the nation; every American citizen is an unarmed soldier, and every American citizen is a sovereign; he bears arms when his country calls; but there are no permanent levies, no hirelings armed to keep the peace; peace dwells with us because she is not repulsed by the atmosphere of distrust and want of confidence in the people."

"But you have a standing army, yet in all our tour thus far I have not seen a soldier upon your streets."

"Yes, we have enough of an army to garnish a few forts, care for the arms of the Government and protect the borders from savage tribes; enough naval force to form the nucleus of a countless host of armed seamen when the nation needs to call them from the peaceful walks of commerce, but a standing army to preserve the peace is the very remotest need of the republic."

"In my country," responded the delegate, "about one-tenth of the able-bodied men are soldiers, and in a large place like this a man stands with a gun on every corner. Ah! this government by the people is wonderful!"

The lesson of these two paragraphs is patent. The contrast between the situation here and in Europe is a striking one. On this side of the great waters we are following out the line of statesmanship that proposes to remove the liability of war between the nations of the hemisphere, by disarming and yielding entire control to the angel of peace. On the other side she dwells among the people by compulsion, and her beneficent presence is secured at the point of the bayonet in the hands of hirelings who are supported by the industries of the country to which I call myself cured in gratitude for the contributions.

HON. BOYD WINSTON, of New Haven, Conn.

Cicutica Resolvent.

I have used your CUTICURA RESOLVENT in two cases, and found it to be successful. The first was in the case of a boy a year and a half old. His face and body were in a terrible condition, from a terrible skin disease, and with sore, I took him to the Massena Sulphur Springs, but he did not improve any. I then attended to try the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and I did. He took one fluid ounce bottles of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, when his skin was as smooth as could be, and is to-day. I used the same for a boy five years old, in washing him. He is now five years of age, and all right. The other case was a disease of the skin, and was caused by a severe attack of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, rubbing in the CUTICURA, one bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT being used. They have proved successful in every case where I have used them. It is surprising how rapidly a child will improve under their treatment. I recommend them for any disease of the skin as the best in the world. I am a doctor, and I am ready to stand by my statement.

JOHN R. BROWN, American House, New Haven, Conn.

Itching and Burning.

I have been afflicted since last March with a skin disease the doctors called Eczema. My face was covered with sores and vesicles, and the itching and burning was intense. I used your CUTICURA RESOLVENT so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICURA and CUTICURA RESOLVENT externally, and internally for four months, and call myself cured in gratitude for the contributions.

MRS. CLARA A. FREDERICK, Broad Brook, Conn.

Cicutica Resolvent.

The new Blood Purifier and purer and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and Cutaneous and Skin Disease Remedy externally, cure every species of torturing, humiliating, Itching, Burning, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, seep and scab, warts, corns, etc., and all sores, blisters, eruptions, sores, scales and crusts, whether simple, serpulous or contagious, when physical and other causes are removed.

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BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

PAINS AND WEAKNESS

Of females instantly relieved by that most elegant and infallible Remedy, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

Francis Scott Key.

Eos. RECORD-UNION: During a recent trip to San Francisco I took occasion to visit Golden Gate Park, and while strolling through those beautiful grounds I came across a plaque on the ground which I am sure must erect to the memory of Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." While gazing upon that tribute to his memory the following thoughts suggested themselves:

As I look upon this statue envelled in the bosom of the people of the loyal people of California, the thought comes, how could the nation have done a nobler act of gratitude, than to perpetuate your memory by placing this work of art in this delightful bower.

Yes, Key, you are rightfully named. The key that will unlock the hearts of rulers by the soul-inspiring words you have written, and prompt them to deeds of charity and love.

You are sitting here, with the Goddess of Liberty waving her banner over your head, inviting all nations to bow at Freedom's shrine as the echo of your immortal song shall vibrate from sea to sea and from shore to shore. Mrs. S. E. CLAYTON.

THE WEEKLY UNION

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ASSISTING SETTLERS.

Plan of the Southern Pacific Company Colonization Company.

The Southern Pacific Company Colonization Agency, which has offices in New York, Chicago and San Francisco, has issued a circular giving the following as its plan of operations:

An agent of the company will, without expense to them, visit the seekers for agricultural homes at their own residences as nearly as may be practicable, and will furnish them with exact information concerning all these matters which must interest them.

Special contracts have been made with several of the large land-holders of the State for parts of their land whereby, for the purpose of enhancing the value of the remainder by immediately developing and improving the same, the agent will make all the portions to be sold subject to the following conditions: The lands to be selected by an expert from any part of the estate, which selections will be sold at greatly reduced prices only to purchasers for actual and immediate occupancy. The buyer will go to the agent to purchase the land for more than they will actually cultivate. Thoroughly competent men entirely familiar with all kinds of farming and fruit-raising in the State, living on adjoining land or on land selected, will be selected as local advisers and assistants to colonists to give to them the benefit of all the knowledge and experience in the matters that concern the building of homes, the buying of materials, stock, seed, trees, vines, etc., the time and manner of planting and harvesting, etc., and in short to make the home-builder feel that he has come among friends.

When persons determine through information furnished by the colonization agent that they will remain to any given colony, the agent will arrange the trip for them and their families, and, when practicable send them by trains on which the company has a tourist or excursion agent. On arriving at the proposed point of embarkation the tourist agent will place the families in charge of a colony agent, who is himself a resident of the immediate neighborhood of the colony.

Opportunities will be offered all colonists to examine the soil and topography, and interview the farmers on the ground or in the immediate neighborhood. If the home-seeker finds everything as has been represented, he will remain to any given colony. "When my money pays for a treat like this, I prefer to drink it myself."

The trap saw his blunder and made a bee-line for the street in search of another coffee-and-doughnut victim.

A DISGUSTED TRAMP.

He Plays the Coffee-and-Doughnut Gag on the Wrong Man.

A seedy, unkempt sort of fellow yesterday rolled into the store of a J-street merchant (whose name might be Simpkins, but it isn't) and approached the senior member of the firm, who was, as usual, very busy.

"Mister," said he, "will you please give me a dime to get something to eat?"

Simpkins cast a hurried glance at the fellow and concluded that he wasn't one of the kind who squander their dimes on estables, and replied that he had nothing for him.

"But, sir," said the visitor with a doleful air, "I'm nearly starved; you wouldn't refuse a man the price of a cup of coffee and a sandwich?"

"You're positive it's coffee and doughnuts you want?" asked the merchant.

"That's what! I haven't eaten a bite of food for two days. I just came to town from Truckee, and haven't."

"All right; here's a dime. Now be sure you don't go back to the whisky."

And the man of business passed over the bit of coin to his seedy-looking visitor.

The latter went out and down to Third street, which he crossed to the south side and then turned up toward the nearest saloon, which he entered. Simpkins had been watching him, and slipping out of the store he went to just as the hungry man had poured out about four fingers of whisky. He raised his chin to loosen his shirt-collar—the better to enjoy his drink—when Simpkins slipped noiselessly up behind him and "muzzled" the glass.

"Here's to your good health," he remarked as the astonished tramp turned to him with a brimful of the liquor.

"When my money pays for a treat like this, I prefer to drink it myself."

The trap saw his blunder and made a bee-line for the street in search of another coffee-and-doughnut victim.

AFTER AN EXECUTOR.

The Daughters of B. M. Richmond, Deceased, File an Important Petition.

Elinor M. Ferguson and Lucy B. Gaull have filed a petition in the Superior Court for the suspension of Samuel M. Coppin as executor of the estate of Billings M. Richmond, deceased. The petition sets forth that Richmond died testate on the 28th of April 1886, in Lassen County, having up to that time been a resident of that county, Sacramento, that said Coppin died testate, and that he was appointed executor of the estate, he giving a bond in the sum of \$60,000, and has ever since so remained; that more than one year and a half has elapsed since the expiration of the time of notice to creditors, and that he has never rendered a financial or other account to his administration, required by law, and has wrongfully neglected the estate.

Petitioners charge that while acting as executor said Coppin has loaned large sums of money belonging to the estate to his brother-in-law, J. R. Catlett, and other persons, without order or authority from the court, and further that the said appointment as executor by said Coppin has wasted, mismanaged and fraudulently loaned the property belonging to the estate, and that he was appointed executor of the estate, he giving a bond in the sum of \$60,000, and has ever since so remained; that more than one year and a half has elapsed since the expiration of the time of notice to creditors, and that he has never rendered a financial or other account to his administration, required by law, and has wrongfully neglected the estate.

A social and literary entertainment will be given on Thursday evening next, the 30th, by the ladies of the G. A. R. for the relief of distressed families of the G. A. R.

The Trinity Mission M. E. Sunday-school will give a concert November 28th. The children will meet to-day at 1:30 p.m. at Twentieth and O streets.

On the 7th of November an entertainment for the benefit of the Hebrew Sunday-school will be given at Turner Hall.

THEY PROBABLY "CAUGHT ON."

Suspicious Silence Concerning a World-Famous Dead Beat.

What has become of Sidney S. Landeshut? A few weeks ago the telegraph wires between New York and this State were burdened with sensational press dispatches concerning the whilom Sacramento man and his recent swindling operations in the Empire City.

While his operations were furnishing the newspapers with columns of interesting news daily, and with this city's Inspector Byrne, of New York, informing his Landeshut's career on this coast, and of the fact (of which the New York papers were not aware) that he was wanted in Melbourne, Australia, for a series of gigantic forgeries committed there a year ago, the publicans, which were published in the "Review Utopia" at the time,

"After that letter had time to reach New York no more was heard of Landeshut, and not a word has since come over the wires concerning him. It looks as if he had been captured and, and that the detective force is holding him incommunicado, the amount of the rewards to be had for the slippery little fellow's return to the Antipodes. When these are ascertained we shall probably hear an interesting story how the detectives had followed the notorious rascal all over the world and finally caught him."

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Sixth-street M. E. Church last evening, "The Jinglers," a troupe of six colored jubilee singers, gave a concert for the benefit of the Fourteenth-street Presbyterian Church. When the inclemency of the weather is taken into account the attendance was large. There were twenty numbers upon the programme, of these fourteen were encored and repeated, which will give some idea of the reception the company received. The troupe becomes certain of a welcome to come to us it sings with remarkable energy and vigor.

Willard H. Seaton, a former Sacramento, C. P. Huntington's first wife being his aunt. Subsequently he became a member of the firm. Later he disposed of his interest in the business to his son, which was subsequently sold to the firm of A. T. Stewart.

When 21 years ago he came to California and was employed by the firm of Huntington & Co., at Sacramento.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: E. J. Bacon and wife, Rocklin; J. B. Freer, Milpitas; Mrs. F. W. Johnson, Sacramento; C. H. Woodland; Edgar Smith, San Francisco; Miss Sierra Valley; J. C. Broadhead and wife, Chinese Frank W. Gibb, Little Rock; W. S. Shick, Chicago; Mrs. Lawler, F. R. Colton, A. W. Baily, San Francisco; Mrs. B. Starbird, Stockton; Dave Levy, San Francisco.

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A MEXICAN WATERING PLACE.

DELIGHTFUL YACHTING IN THE SEA OF CORTEZ.

Pick-ups From a Fruitable Region—Life in a Mexican Hotel.

[Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION.]

GUAYMAS, Sonora, 1889.

A visit to this section without a sail on the beautiful bay would be as incomplete as the play of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out. Every evening at about the sunset hour, the natives swarm with yachts and row-boats of every description, filled with merry people seeking relief from the heat of the day, and from many a little craft strains of music are wafted—the tinkling of guitars and mandolins, "the lascivious pleasures of the lute," or the vocal notes of some Castilian love song.

Such an hour even a resident of Hades-like Guaymas may be contented with his surroundings. Floating idly in a shallop, propried by a silent Yaqui, you watch the changing mountains putting on their evening gowns of purple hue—mountains on both sides, covering the islands and the mainland; long lines of mountains with rugged outlines and sharp cones standing like sentinels here and there; mountains blue, pale gray, black, amethyst, brown—mountains everywhere, with their tops in the clouds and perpetual summer at their feet.

There are sheltered coves and nooks innumerable, where duck and other wild fowl sail in the shallow water, where the bathing is good and the fishing said to be the best in the world. The vast bay is literally alive with fish, from the biggest sharks to shrimps not a span long, and the oysters, particularly those of the Yaqui River, when it empties into the Gulf, are excellent—small—but there are few fishermen among these lazy people, the principal purveyors for all the markets being Indians from further down the coast—the Yaquis and Mayos—who are also agriculturists, and the latter tribe, so wise as to deny the white man a residence within their borders. Turtles of immense size are frequently caught here. I saw the remains of one on the beach which was said to have weighed between 900 and 1,000 pounds.

Notwithstanding the presence of sharks in the bay the populace bathe without fear along the fine beach that fronts the city, hundreds of ladies going in every afternoon about 4 o'clock, which is the fashionable hour winter and summer, for that exercise, the hills, the way of the beach shading from the rays of the declining sun. The "yachting" "Yacht" is not likely to come close to so populous a shore yet have been instances within the last few years of hairbreadth escapes, or the loss of an arm or leg by bathers who ventured out too far. There are no bath-houses or other conveniences for the public use.

BATHERS OF THE BETTER CLASS

Keep suits of their own—especially old calico waders or "Mother Hubbard" of unbleached cotton, but there are many natives, even of the gentler sex, who do not stand upon any such ceremony, but seeking some comparatively secluded spot, divest themselves of every stitch of raiment (or, at best, of all but one scant white garment), plunge in unhampered and defy the world to interfere with their enjoyment.

There is another beach in the gulf proper, four and a half miles from the town, over the hills to the westward. Here one has a distinct view of the Sea of Cortez—that magnificent expanse of blue-green brilliant water which attracted so many adventurers nearly four centuries ago. A fine hotel is to be erected at this point, which will stay, perhaps, become a favorite seaside resort, not only for the Americans, but citizens of the new—by United States—the far east seeking relief from excessive heat, the latter from the cold of their respective homes. On the last mentioned beach we found many beautiful shells, among them a species covered outside with long sharp points like horns, and inside highly polished and painted by the hand of nature in varying tints of rose, pink, lavender, yellow, pearl and red.

Across the hills back of the town, eight or ten miles away, is a good agricultural country, with some fine ranches and vineyards. Prominent among the ranchmen is Judge Guillermo Robinson—not a relative of the illustrious Cruise, but an exile from the United States—who owns a farm there which is a model of what enlightened industry can accomplish in this genial climate, in the culture of tropical and semi-tropical products. This belt of arable land, the nearest to the town, extends way back into the country several hundred miles.

AMONG THE HOTELS

Of this flourishing seaport, that called the Cosmopolitan is perhaps the best, because kept by a bristling little Frenchman, who not only appreciates the merits of sea food, but knows how to serve the best fish, turtles, crabs, oysters, shrimps, lobsters, etc., and keeps a cook who prepares them to perfection. But that is about all one can conscientiously say in favor of this house. Yet, in spite of the biggest bugs that ever crawled and the most active and vicious fleas that ever crawled, we had to leave, we cannot help rather enjoying the odd inasmuch Frenchy is some of its appointments, so Mexican in others and so thoroughly foreign throughout to anything ever seen at the North. It is built in the prevailing style of the place—one story high, the rooms surrounding a large court and opening into it by means of a corridor running all around the inside. Most of the apartments have no windows at all, except a small opening in the great wooden door that opens into the corridor. Close it and you are in total darkness; open it and any straggler walking up and down the public corridor may look in at will upon the mysteries of your toilet. On account of the excessive heat most people are compelled to leave their doors wide open all night long, so that the belated guest, in seeking his own place, has a full view of his sleeping and snoring neighbors.

Of course there are no bells here, and if you desire to see your people into the corridor, clasp your hands—precisely as members of Congress in the Capitol at Washington summon their pages. Though almost destitute of furniture, the apartments are clean, invariably, and have no communication with each other, or with the street, except by way of the general corridor into which all open. The bedsteads are all "single" ones (often three or four in a room), with framework of brass, iron or nickel, entirely guiltless of springs, and with mattresses, hard as Pharaoh's heart, thrown over the bare boards. At the head of every bed stands a singular French contrivance—a sort of skeleton-table on a very small scale, painted black, and put there for the sole purpose of supporting your candlestick. Bureau or dresser of course there is none—just a wardrobe, or sofa, or a chain. You are lucky to get so much as a wash-bowl and pitcher, a wooden chair and deal table, and a peg in the wall upon which to hang your clothes—these being considered

LUXURIES ENOUGH.

To satisfy any reasonable human being. The tourist who stays away from Mexico on account of the description he reads of its hotels, will make the mistake of lifetime, in common with the man who thinks there is nothing fit to eat outside of his

own country. You may be perfectly sure of one thing, even in the cosmopolitan Capital of the Mexicans—i.e., that your quarters will not be palatial, and that there will be a conspicuous absence of most of the comforts and luxuries, without which you would not remain an hour in any inn in the United States. But you can make yourself thoroughly "at home" in any Mexican hotel, and having once been assigned to a room, are therefore left severely alone as long as you choose to stay. In most places there is no such thing as a register. If you insist upon it, the clerk sometimes goes to the back of the desk board on the wall, and pays no further attention to it. If cards are left, or you have callers or telegrams, ninety-nine times out of a hundred nobody about the hotels knows anything about you, or where to find you, and you are not found at all. If you order a carriage to come at a certain hour you must go down into the patio and wait for it, otherwise the driver may wait till doomday before anybody will notify of its arrival. If you want letters, select them out of the general sack; if you want anything else, get it if you can. You have your room, haven't you? What more can you expect?

I have remained weeks in one hotel without ever seeing the proprietor, manager, or learning who he was. A blanketed servant generally shows you a room and takes your money when ready to leave, and very frequently one old woman is the only "official" you will see about the house, however long you stay. The beds are never made up until the guests arrive and take possession—so you are sure of the freshest and whitest of linens. Towels are sometimes furnished, and occasionally candles, with or without extra charge, but never soap or matches. Mexico possesses two rare and incomparable things, good climate and good matches—the former free but the latter you must pay well. All Mexican hotels are on the European plan—you order what you like and take what you get. If you like a warm meal, you will certainly not be disappointed so long as the pepper crop holds out. One soon grows accustomed to the Mexican cuisine and learns to enjoy it—chili and all. All the fruits (beans) are the universal accompaniment to every meal. Boston has its reputation, but a Boston denry costs him at least a thousand dollars a month, while a Mexican denry costs him at least from the bean standpoint.

There is no butter in Mexico—that is Americans understand it. A pale lubricator is occasionally served, made from goats' milk, which is infinitely better than the European. Beans are the universal accompaniment to every meal. Boston has its reputation, but a Boston denry costs him at least a thousand dollars a month, while a Mexican denry costs him at least from the bean standpoint.

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CUPID IN THE KITCHEN.

Rose Hartley and her bachelor uncle having just paid a visit to some friends about thirty miles distant from their home, had proceeded, on a mild and beautiful summer morning, about five miles on their return journey when they passed a small white cottage embowered with trees, which Rose just glanced at, having not the smallest idea that she would ever either see or think of this particular house again. The white cottage was accordingly forgotten almost as soon as seen. Rose had not the faintest idea that she would ever know what manner of family lived there much less did she suppose that they would be in any way connected with her own destiny. Had some fairy whispered to her that this was to be her home before the months to come? Next year, she would have observed the place with more interest.

A short turn in the road brought our friends to a shallow pond, where a two-year-old child was floundering up to its chin in muddy water.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Rose; "don't you see that baby in the water? Wait! I'll get out. You hold the horse." And in less time than it takes to tell it Rose had sprung from the buggy and landed the dripping infant on terra firma.

"What'll I do with it?" she asked, ruefully.

"I don't know. Can't you take it back to the house?" said Uncle John, who had no patience with troublesome babies, and but little sympathy for their mishaps.

Rose couldn't, of course, carry it without ruining her dress, but by means of coaxing and leading she got the little creature back to the gate, and into the yard in front of the cottage; then after a hasty and suspicious look around the house to the kitchen door, which stood open, revealing the presence of a young man with a large gingham apron tied around his waist, in the act of taking a pie from the oven. The moment he caught sight of them he put the pie on the table, exclaiming, "Well, for pity's sake!" as though divided between laughter and anxiety.

"Your little girl fell into the pond," said Rose, looking down at the little water rat that still clung to her hand. "I fished her out and brought her to the house, as I was afraid she'd get drowned."

"All right but the gender. She happens to be a boy," replied the cook, beginning to rub the child's face and hands with a towel, and thereby eliciting fresh screams. "I'm ever so much obliged to you for bringing him in. I didn't know he could get the gate open. His mother is the sick headache-to-day, so I'm getting dinner and watching Teddy—two of his best jobs I've undertaken for many a day. I hate to bother you," he added, apologetically, "but would you please take that pie out of the oven, while I get some dry clothes for Teddy? It'll be burnt to a cinder before I get back."

"Oh, certainly," said Rose, infinitely amused by the novelty of the situation.

"Well, I do hate to bother you, but will you please wash the cats off the table and keep the flies out of the custard? I'll be back as soon as possible. Come along, old Paddlefoot," and, catching up the child, he rushed into an adjoining room, whence he presently issued forth, bringing back the blooming infant in smiles and dry clothing.

"I don't know whether I've got him dressed right or not," he said, letting him down on the floor. "Ought this dress to fasten behind or before? It looks kind of funny."

"It looks as if it was made to fasten at the back," said Rose reflectively.

"Well, it does, doesn't it? It's either on wrong or else Em's made an awful boggle in the fit of it."

"Oh, the dress is all right," said Rose, suppressing her rising mirth.

"It's been put on wrong."

"Just wait a minute and I'll put it on right. Don't the baby till I come back," and, catching up the child, while Rose took out another pie. The crust was rather peculiar-looking—about such crust as a man would be expected to make. The decorations were certainly not very artistic. Rose took a knife and made a lovely design on top of pie which she had rolled out for the top of the last pie. By the time the master of the house had returned.

"Oh, what a lovely flower you've made!" he said, boisterously. "I couldn't make a nice flower, so I just cut a few holes in the crust to let the gas escape. Don't they say a pie is poisonous if you don't cut some holes in the top crust? Or what is the theory?"

"Never heard of anything," laughed Rose, looking at the piecrust which she was pricking with a fork. "I suppose the beans are to blame. Dear! It is the beans. They're as dry as herrings. Just wait until I pour some water in them and I'll go out to the gate with you."

So saying, he snatched the bean pot from the stove, and the pail being burning hot, he dropped it, while the pot, falling with a tremendous clang, rolled over, the lid flew off, and the beans poured forth in a torrent upon the floor.

"Oh, 'crash,'" shrieked the cook, plunging his hand into a bucket of water, and inadvertently giving the beans a kick as he danced with pain.

Rose was naturally a very heavy laugher, and on this occasion her sense of the unconventionality of her position did not prevent her from giving vent to peal after peal of laughter. The youth, meanwhile, stood with his hand in the water bucket, looking at her sidewisely with a rather abashed air, but laughing too, in a subdued "I-wish-I-hadn't-been-so-awkward" way.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," said Rose at last, resuming her dignity. "I'm sorry you were so unmerciful; but I hope your hand isn't severely hurt."

"I really must go. I can find the way easily enough, and lifting her skirts lightly she began gracefully picking her way to the door through the scattered beans."

"If only we could slip!" thought the naughty cook, with his heart in his mouth. The fates were propitious. Sure enough she did slip—for beanpods, you know, are only a trifle less malicious in their pugilistic tendencies than banana-peels, and our hero had the pleasure of saving her from falling headlong on the hot stove. Both their faces were flushed when he relinquished his grasp on her waist, and Rose, at least, was angry.

"I didn't mean to offend you," he said, apologetically, as he followed her out of the room; "I'm afraid I did, though."

"You needn't have put your arm round me," said Rose haughtily. "I did wrong to enter your door, I know!"

"Do you thing I meant to insult you?"

flushing deeply with mortification. "I threw my arm around you because you were about to fall on the stove."

"It doesn't matter," said Rose, coldly. "If your wife had been in the room it would have been all right. But—"

"My wife! Why, I haven't any," meeting her glance with a mischievous smile.

"Em's my sister. Her husband and I have been together, but as she's been nearly dead with the sick headache all morning, and the girls gone, I volunteered to stay at home and do the cooking. Won't the dinner be lovely?" shrugging his shoulders with a little, uneasy laugh.

Rose was about on a little in advance without speaking. He overtook her presently, and as he held the gate open for her to pass, he said, with an entertaining glance: "Won't you please signify that you forgive me by telling me your name. Mine is—"

"I hardly think an introduction necessary, as we are not likely to meet again," interrupted Rose, turning her head aside.

"You needn't mind coming any further, sir. There is the buggy."

"But if I persist you won't make me go back?" archly.

Rose smiled in spite of her effort to look grave. It was really not worth while getting angry at such a trifles.

"Yes, quite a long distance."

Rose wouldn't look at him. He was sure to be looking at her, and his smile was altogether too beguiling.

"You wouldn't mind telling me how far and in what direction?" insinuatingly.

Rose wouldn't tell.

"Perhaps you're married," struck by a sudden thought.

"Oh, no; not at all!"

"If you and I were acquainted we might—I might write to you for advice when I get puzzled about cooking."

"I think I gave you enough advice this morning to last a long while," laughed Rose as she reached the buggy. "Adieu! Be sure to keep Teddy away from the pony."

"Hello! Got back at last?" exclaimed Uncle John shortly.

"Thought you'd come to dinner," replied the young man, smiling.

"Dinner, dear, no! But I do detect a crowd, don't you? We might find a buggy where we could see the people, and yet not be jostled by them."

Rose assented, and they were soon seated in a buggy quite out of the crowd, and where Alf earnestly hoped "Dick" would never think of looking for them.

"What a lovely day this has been, and what a large crowd of people!" began Rose, by way of opening a desultory conversation.

"Oh, yes! But I—Miss Hartly," as if you are very tired (Alf had been on the wing all day) and don't care to promenade, perhaps you might prefer sitting in a buggy awhile."

"The promenade is so awfully crowded."

"Do you much fatigued?" smiling.

"Not at all!" But we might find a buggy where we could be seen, and yet not be jostled by them."

Rose assented, and they were soon seated in a buggy quite out of the crowd, and where Alf earnestly hoped "Dick" would never think of looking for them.

"I wish you would stop for dinner," said that young gentleman furtively watching Rose, though he pretended to center all his attention on her uncle. "Have you been traveling far this morning, sir? If you have, you're welcome to stop and feed your horses. We'll give you the best dinner we can," looking comically at Rose.

"No, I thank you. We'll get on—Morning," and Uncle John touched his mettlesome pony with the whip. Rose, forgetful of her late indignation, looked back laughingly at the bareheaded young fellow, who stood wrapping his apron around his burned hand and watching her as the buggy glided rapidly on. And the white cottage among the trees vanished from sight.

III.

Three months later Alfred Harris, for whom this was the name of our unlucky young cook, might have been seen at the country fair, walking with a friend of about his own age. Both seemed to be looking for someone.

"I don't believe she's here," said the former at last in a despondent tone; "I've looked for her at the whole morning, and it seems to me I've seen everybody on the fair-grounds forty-leven times. She can't be here, or I'd have seen her."

"Perhaps you've forgotten what she looks like," suggested his friend.

"Forgotten? The idea! I'll never forget her," cried Alf, moodily. "Not that she'd speak to me if she saw me. She isn't the kind of girl that has to go away from home to make acquaintances. I saw that by her determination not to let me know who she was. I'd have to get an introduction before she'd notice me."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't know. I was afraid you wouldn't like it if I addressed you without an acquaintance from that day?" interrogatively.

"I'm afraid I made a very bad impression on your mind that day, Miss Hartly."

"Not at all," said Rose, fanning herself.

"I'm sure you're rather not date our acquaintance from that day?" interrogatively.

"I'm afraid I made a very bad impression on your mind that day, Miss Hartly."

"I don't believe she's here," said the young man, smiling.

"Perhaps you're not date our acquaintance from that day?" interrogatively.

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THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

REV. O. SUMMERS GIVES HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

Having Been Born a Slave He is Qualified to Speak--The So-Called "Race War."

The following communication is from the pen of Rev. O. Summers, pastor of the A. M. E. Church in this city:

EDS. RECORD-UNION: I have been asked by white friends, more especially those who are on the fence, or that are tinctured with Southern principles, why it is that the negroes are beaten down. I will try and explain some of the facts. You will remember when we read the history of the Jewish bondage in Egypt that Israel's enslavement and its emancipation is not like that of the American negro, as the American negro had to assist in emancipating himself. He was not asked to go and shoot his master, to shoot down his master, and 180,000 of them were enlisted in the Union army, and were commanded by white officers, who were from the North. The Southern people hated these men as bad, or worse, than they did their own negroes. They shot them down, even the Northern white soldiers went home; the negro soldiers were mustered out, and went home and the Southern army surrendered, and they went home.

The Northern man was in the North, where he went from, and the Union negro soldier had to go right back to his master whom he had been fighting, and he had to fight his master again, and give him an education. The master looked at him with contempt, and told him that he wasn't under any obligations to him, and to go to those who were his friends. And if they would not help him he could go back to work as before or starve. The colored man looked at this, and said, "I am a slave, and he had nothing but a name, unless he used his master's, and there he was. He had been a slave 240 years, and it unfitted him for citizenship or refined society. Now, Israel was not left thus; for they were taken away from their taskmasters, and were given a land really better than that of Egypt. And so it is with us, and the protection of God, and He fought their battles for them. And yet it was many hundreds of years before they forgot the flesh-pots of Egypt. Now, can you expect any more of the American negro who was a slave?

Our Southern brothers tell us that we are not justified, and they broadcast it in their papers. Now, Mr. Southerner, let us see who is the worse off. Do you not boast that you are of the greatest nation of the earth? Do you not boast of the best and purest of your countrymen? And that there is no nation like yours? And didn't you claim that it was your most sacred duty to obey the law? We believe that you have the noblest women, or else they never would have stood what they did during the days of slavery. What did they stand? They stood the immoral conduct of their husbands to the slave women, and the great army of half wild children in the South shows that they themselves did just that kind of a society they made. They fought hard and bled their blood to keep it going. Thousands of lives were lost to keep this society in existence. But they were very particular with the negro slave men, for the law was that if he was caught looking at a white woman, he would be hit by a thousand lashes upon his naked back; and the second offense would be to shoot. And Mr. colored man thought as he had to furnish the back for the cat-o'-nine-tail, he would be careful who he fell in love with. Now these are some of the true stories of the South, and do you say that they all did this, but the majority of them did, and a great many are doing the same to-day. And now I think according to the chance we have had that we are just about as good as they are.

They make laws to keep the colored man from marrying the white woman in the South, and when a man is separating the colored girl, and as long as this is a one-sided question the colored man will laugh up his sleeve at him, and will tell him that he does not mean what he says, and he sees that the Southern man still wants to keep him a slave. He does not propose to obey any law that would not be good for a citizen. The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution he has long since put his foot upon and has called forth a society of night riders and regulators, Ku Klux and all kinds of murderers to keep the negro and make the negro think that he is not wanted. His white brother by creation, and that to hate and undermine his fellow is honorable, and to be a coward in the presence of white men is his position.

The new friend of the negro did not understand him, he undervalued his manhood, and only used him as the cat's-paw to do the political chores. The negro suffered for his own ignorance and the sins of others. He toiled and paid the taxes of the poverty-stricken Southern States. Being the laboring class, therefore the producer, he paid directly his own tax and indirectly the taxes of others.

With the negro as an inhabitant of every State in the Union, yet he was not free until the amendment to the Constitution of the United States was adopted, for nearly every State had laws upon its statutes to exclude the negro from rights enjoyed by other citizens. He could not enjoy the political rights of his brother, and though a negro could not vote,

he was only called into the ranks, and recogized as a soldier, when the enemy was about to overpower the Government; yet he was never fully recognized as other soldiers, though he proved himself just as worthy. Yet not a single negro could make a fortune in the South, and what race under heaven would have furnished the same number of men to save the Union, and not a Captain to command a single company?

It is a disgrace to the Government that accepted his services. Colored soldiers have more difficulties to-day in establishing a pension claim than any other class. Lincoln's proclamation and the amendment to the United States Constitution, the negro is not free. In many parts of the South he does not enjoy any civil or political rights. He is whipped and driven as in former days, and paid stings and beatings, yet he is not free for A or B. After he has once agreed to work for him he cannot leave, for he is always kept in debt, being paid only a pittance, and that in checks representing money which can only be exchanged at the plantation store, and then at a discount of 20 per cent, and that which is paid is twelve months after date. In Wilkes, Lincoln, Columbia and Elbert counties Georgia; Berkeley, Williamsburg and Colleton counties, South Carolina, and in many parts of Alabama, these things exist yet.

In many parts of the South, materially, the negro is doing well. But he does not enjoy his civil rights fully anywhere in the United States. There is little value in the negro, and mountain so low that he can escape prejudice. In the South his civil and political rights are taken in the North, East and West he is shut out of factories, shops and stores because he is a negro. With these odds he is being educated and is gaining power. But while education is weak, the powers of other races, they do not exert the same influence for the negro in America. He is run off from property and that is burned down and the authorities cannot protect him. Yet the negro is said to be worthless and shiftless. He is prevented from work, and the less he can work the less he is. He is excluded from capital cities, yet it is said we have no moneyed men amongst us. He is not allowed to run a machine, and it is said we have few inventors.

These avenues being closed caused young men and women to be unconcerned about the future. Politically he can aspire to office, but he is not allowed to hold it, and there is but little opportunity for him when his vote is five to one. In the North he holds the balance of power in several States, but is told by his white brethren that he would have no influence in office; so in states where he does represent him, he being assured his rights are safe in the hands of another. He has been educated not to

trust himself, but the white man. Physicians, lawyers, preachers and teachers are not allowed to exert the influence for good they might, but they are run off as rioters and conspirators. The leader is always shot or whipped first.

The position of the country is not as friendly to the negro as it is to the white man, so the dispatches of the Associated Press have flaming headlines of "Race Wars," "Riots," "Negro Rising," "Assaulting Innocent Girls," etc. The Government orders out a company of negro soldiers and they go to the commandant and arrest and condemn the young men, who have published it first as a "tempest in a teapot."

The Courts being organized, the negro, if he is brought to trial, in nine cases out of ten is sent to the "chain gang," where men, boys and women, in many cases, are chained together, to work on railroads or work for the State to make the State rich, and they are forever disfranchised.

We are made to feel that vengeance should be wreaked on our enemies. With this black picture of facts, still we are hopeful.

The position and condition of the negro in the South is not unfavorable. He is a man, without being allowed to enjoy manhood; a citizen, without enjoying citizenship; law-abiding, without being protected; a tax-payer, without representation. The State, county and city Governments demand of him allegiance, but do not guarantee him for citizenship or refined society. His true condition is that of a weakling in the hands of a stronger, who is unfriendly. The only way for him to remedy his condition is to get out of the South, as he will have more friends among strangers. I do not say that all should leave the South, but I do say that two-thirds of them ought to.

REV. O. SUMMERS.

One of the Missions of the Railway Exhibition.

[S. F. Bulletin, October 25th.]

"California on Wheels" will soon depart for the Fair. The exact cost to the State is expected from this trip. The State Board of Trade will receive weekly bulletins from those in charge of the exhibit, and these reports will contain the number of inhabitants in each town and city in which the exhibition is held. The California products on view. If no house in the town is handling California goods, the merchants of this State will be apprised of the fact, and the reasons for this nonhandling will also be made known.

At present small dealers cannot order California fruit, and for this reason many of the small towns west of the Mississippi are obliged to go without them. This owing exhibit of the State Board of Trade is intended to make a demand for them, and means have been created to supply the demand without the aid of middlemen. Small dealers can send in their orders, and the State Board will fill it at once. All orders from one section of country will be sent to a central point and without any trouble to those ordering the goods will be distributed to the different points from which the orders emanated. By this arrangement retailers can order goods in lots to receive the same price as that of a single piece, and the price will be of say two cents per pound. Our fruit is ready for shipment almost thirty days before similar fruit is ripe in the East, and under the new method of procedure such a thing as an over-supply is an impossibility.

On this occasion, however, it should be stated that exceptionally fine goods command exceptionally large prices. The statement is made, and is incontrovertible, that one fruit-grower of this State received 13 cents a pound for his grapes on the vine. The fruit was extra quality table grapes of the Flame Tokay variety, and the buyer, who also shipped them East, saw that they were of the finest quality. The price, when it reached its point of destination, brought the sum of \$2,750, leaving a handsome profit in the hands of the shipper after all expenses were paid.

Among fruit-growers, generally, there is an impression that rates on fruit shipments will be lowered next year, and this can not be true, as the general shipping rates of California fruit East. Just at present, however, there is a cry going up that the railroad companies are discriminating against upper California, and have been shipping oranges from Los Angeles to the East for one-half the rate they have been charging green grapes. It is the opinion of the people who are in the fruit business that Sir Edwin Arnold has declared, as to make us the wine-supplier of the continent and a large part of the rest of the world.

And now what does the work contain that will interest our readers? It opens with "The Art of Wine-making," and then follows "Some Vegetable Cooking." "Our Friends the Horsemen" come next, and as regards the children's side, an unsigned article describes "A Luxurious Snippet" and then we come to the "Family Doctor," who discourses of "The Rest Cure." In a paper entitled "A Poet's Country," we are given a description with pen and pencil of Temerson's corner of the Isle of Wight.

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"St. Nicholas" for November (The Century Company, New York), begins a new volume with new type and an increased number of pages. It is freely and hand-somely illustrated, and the articles are by such writers as C. F. Holder, Julian Hawthorne, H. H. Brackenbury, and others. "Santa Claus" is a sermon for harvest, and "Out of My Study Window" is the text for pictures of trees and bird life. Cassell & Company, London and New York.

"The Quiver" for November is at hand. In "A Little Corner of the Vineyard" a cordonier describes some of his experiences in Scotland. "Dorothy's Vocation" is the title of a lively tilt between W. P. Fribb, R. A., and the editor of the Magazine, as to whether art is degraded by being adapted to commercial purposes. Specimen pages of the decorative work in the Gladstone commemorative album are given, and then follow copious notes. Cassell & Company, London and New York.

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